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LIME GROVE.

CAMERA SCRIPT

"THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT"

Episode Four

'Believed To Be Suffering'

by

NIGEL KNEALE

PRODUCED BY RUDOLPH CARTIER

STUDIO A

CREW 7

STUDIO MANAGER	:	STUART MORTIMER
S.TEL.E.	:	R. McCULLOUGH
LIGHTING ENGINEER	:	MIKE LEESTON-SMITH
CALL BOY	:	JOHN P. BULL
STAGE MANAGER	:	PADDY RUSSELL
SECRETARY	:	DAPHNE MARTIN

Saturday 8th August 1953

TRANSMISSION : 8.45 - 9.15p.m.

TECHNICAL REQUIREMENTS:

Cameras 1, 2, 3, 4
2 Booms
Grams and foldback
1 practical monitor on floor
Central Telecine
Mochau
Roller Caption Board

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"THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT"

Episode Four
8th August

CAST:-

Professor Bernard Quatermass.....	REGINALD TATE
Judith Carroon.....	Isabel Dean
Victor Carroon.....	Duncan Lamont
Dr. Gordon Briscoe.....	John Glen
John Paterson.....	Hugh Kelly
Det. Inspector Lomax.....	Ian Colin
Det. Sgt. Best.....	Frank Hawkins
James Fullalove.....	Paul Whitsun-Jones
News Editor.....	Oliver Johnston
American Reporter.....	Philip Vickers
Miss Wilde.....	Katie Johnson
Walters	Lewis Wilson
Photographer.....	Darrell Runey
Ramsay	Jack Rodney
Boy.....	Anthony Green
Chemist.....	Richard Cuthbert
Cinema Manager.....	Leo Fox
Cinemagoer.....	Janet Joye
Usherette.	Bernadette Milnes

ON FILM ONLY:-

"Space Lieutenant"..Keith Herrington
"Space Girl".....Pauline Johnson

"THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT"

by

Nigel Kneale

"Believed To Be Suffering"

Episode Four

FADE UP GRAMS: "THE PLANETS"
CUE T/C MECHAU - TITLE
1. MIX TO CAM.4 - Subtitle
CUE T/C CENTRAL

Shot 2: QUATERMASS ordering
PATERSON to switch recording
on.

DISSOLVE TO

Shot 3: Selected extracts
from flight flashback

Shot 4: C.S. CARROON on
bunk, convulsed. BRISCOE
and JUDITH watching in
horror

SLOW
MIX CAM:

2. MIX CAM.2
2 shot MISS W./CARROON

NARRATOR: (recorded) Professor
Bernard Quatermass and his staff,
in their attempt to reconstruct
from automatic records what might
have happened in the experimental
rocket ship during the time it was
lost in space, are faced with a
frightening possibility ... that the
rocket was entered during its
flight by a form of life different
from anything known on Earth ...
something not visible to human
sight, but possessing force, even
intelligence ... and, most alarming
of all, the faculty to change the
form of a living organism. And
that as a result ... Victor
Carroon ...

... the apparently sole survivor
of the crew of three, is in fact no
longer a normal person ... no
longer one person ...

(C.U. MISS WILDE, looking up in
amazement, by kitchen door)

Into little Miss Wilde's house,
half-wrecked from the rocket's
landing some twenty-four hours
earlier ...

(She stands as CARROON advances
into shot, and instinctively
BRISCOE AN GEM to shield herself
as warning shouts come from the
ethers)

VOICES:--Hey--grab him! Victor,
come back here!--That's he doing?
Etc.

(CARROON lurches past MISS WILDE,
clutches doorpost. After a
moment he goes into kitchen.

Shot 3
CUT CAM, 3
2 shot BRISCOE/MISS W.

BRISCOE into shot, takes MISS
WILDE's arm reassuringly and
looks into kitchen)

MISS WILDE: It's all right. I was
just startled to see him.

(Others into shot, looking
through door)

BRISCOE: Is the back door open?

MISS WILDE: Oh no, it's always
locked, to keep Henry in. The key's
over there, in a vase ...

(BRISCOE closes door. His eyes
meet JUDITH's)

... Perhaps he's thirsty ... there's
nothing else he could want in my
little kitchen ... is there?

Shot 4
CUT CAM: 2 Int. Kitchen
Single CARROON
pan him left to table

(CARROON stands looking straight
ahead - blindly. His whole
body turns slowly, so that his
eyes cover the whole room. They
slowly look down towards the
table. Pan down to the cactus
in bowl as he advances step by
step towards it)

Shot 5
CUT CAM, 3
Group shot
Int. Living Room

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Doc, will he
be okay in there?

JUDITH: Everything must suddenly
have become too much for him ...

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Yea, I guess
that's it. Trying to bring his
memory back and the boys here not
exactly quiet -

(A sudden babel of voices. They
turn to look across room)

Shot 6
CUT CAM, 1
Group shot at door

There's the Professor! Professor
Quatermass -

Pull back as QUATERMASS
walks - d.s. of table

(On QUATERMASS entering from
outside. HOLLY follows)

FULLALOVE: Now, sir - I understand there's still no definite word about the missing men -

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: What about that statement you promised?

QUATERMASS: In a moment. Where's Carroon?

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: In there. I think the noise got him down -
(On kitchen door)

Shot 7

CUT CAM.3

3 shot JUDITH/BRISCOE/MISS WILDE: Now I must go and make some more tea. I've such a slow

MISS W. leaves shot L.

kettle. (She goes)

BRISCOE: He seems quiet enough - I wonder if he'll be better left alone for a minute or two.

JUDITH: I'll see that he's all right.

BRISCOE: Very well call if you need me.

JUDITH leaves shot L.

JUDITH: I'll be careful.

Shot 8

CUT CAM.1

Group shot round FULLALOVE/
QUATERMASS

(She goes. FULLALOVE into shot)

FULLALOVE: Could you spare us a moment, Dr. Briscoe?

BRISCOE into shot L.

BRISCOE: What is it?

FULLALOVE: Your opinion. Apart from what he may yet remember about his colleagues - Carroon must also have special knowledge of conditions in space.....

Shot 9

CUT CAM.3

Single WALTERS pan
him left to door

(Takes BRISCOE's arm, steers him across room. WALTERS, press camera in hand, steals into the position they have vacated)

Shot 10

CUT CAM.1

2 shot QUINT./AMERICAN

(On QUINTERNESS, AMERICAN JOURNALIST, etc.)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Professor, from what your Mr. Paterson was telling us -

QUINTERNESS: I'm not responsible for his views!

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Would your experiment has international significance - militarily?

QUINTERNESS: (hotly) My purpose has always been solely scientific!

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: I believe you, Sir. But - off the record if you like - will other interested parties?

FULLALOVE into shot left

(FULLALOVE into shot with BRISCOE)

FULLALOVE: There are one or two technical questions I'd like to put ...

Shot 11

CUT CAM. 3

2 shot WALTERS/PHOTOGRAPHER by kitchen door.

WALTERS standing by door, camera in hand. A lean, bright-eyed man. He is putting his hand towards the knob when another FRESH PHOTOGRAPHER comes into shot)

PHOTOGRAPHER: Looks in pretty bad shape, that boy Carroon. (Offers cigarette) Don't think we've met before. I'm George Bloy - Courier.

WILSON: Walters. (Takes cigarette) Thanks.

During the above:
(Background only)

FULLALOVE: (O.S.) Dr. Briscoe, is there a possibility that the crew were injured by special stresses? I understand that during the flights they would be in a condition of complete weightlessness.

BRISCOE: (O.S.) Oh - it's disconcerting but quite harmless -

Shot 12

CUT CAM. 4

2 shot JUDITH/MISS W.

Int. Kitchen.

(PHOTOGRAPHER moves forward.
MISS WILDE glances quickly to each
side. Track in towards door)

(JUDITH stumbles anxiously near
MISS WILDE, who is boiling
kettle on stove. CARROON
slumped across table, his hands
near cactus.)

MISS WILDE: (to cat) Halt the
kettle boil, Henry. (To JUDITH,
kindly) My sister's son was an
airman in the war. He was hurt
on one of his flights, but after-
wards he got quite better, you know.

JUDITH: Yes. (Her eyes go to
door nervously. To MISS WILDE)
Give me something to do - please!
I can't just stand here -

MISS WILDE: (sympathetically)
Of course. Get some more cups -
ordinary ones from the shelf.

(JUDITH turns to shelf behind.
MISS WILDE to table)

Shot 13
CUT CAM, 2
Single CARROON

I think I was wrong about the
cactus - he quite seems to like it -
it must be years since I bought it.
From the market - He's nervous,
isn't he? See how his hands are
moving ...

Shot 14
CUT CAM, 4
2 shot JUDITH/MISS W.

JUDITH: Victor -

MISS WILDE: You mustn't worry,
my dear. He's going to be all right.

(Track in on CARROON's hands.
They are opening and closing
violently, near the cactus -
the right one in particular)

Shot 15
CUT CAM, 2
Single CARROON

JUDITH: I can't like this.
I think I'll tell Dr. Briscoe -

MISS WILDE: (now O.S.) Now, he's
got to talk to those reporters.
Poor men, they've waited such a
long time to see him. Come over
here and help me with those cups,
now.

JUDITH: (O.S.) I'll wait another
minute or two, then ... Are those
the ones?

(Clatter of cups and saucers)

(CARROON's right hand raises
itself from table, hovers
towards cactus)

MISS WILDE: (O.S.) Saucers too,
dear. The green ones, on the
second shelf.

(Clatter continues.)

Track in to CARROON'S
right hand clutching
cactus then pan up to his
face

CARROON's right hand buries
itself in the cactus,
clutching hard)

Oh, Henry - you've made the water
boil - what a clever cat you are ...

Shot 16
CUT CAM: 1 Living-room.
2 shot WALTERS/PHOTOGRAPHER

(On door and WILSON)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: (O.S.) As I
see it, Professor Quatermass -

PHOTOGRAPHER leaves
shot right

(WILSON looks quickly round,
drops cigarette, squashes
it with too, and puts hand
to doorknob without turning)

Pan WALTERS left to door

- If Carroon's memory can be
restored - and only then - we
might learn a whole lot about
conditions in outer space -

Shot 17
CUT CAM: 2
Single WALTERS

(WILSON opens door quickly -
slips through)

Int. Kitchen.

(On door as WILSON enters,
shuts door behind him, looks
quickly about)

Pan WALTERS left to
MISS W. (2 shot)
then left to JUDITH
(3 shot)

MISS WILDE: Oh, you mustn't come
in here. I'm bringing some more
tea out in a minute -

JUDITH: No photographs, please.
I've told you my - my husband's
ill -

Track back:

(Track back as WILSON comes
forward, his eyes on CARROON)

WILSON: (excitedly) Just a -
single one, that's all I want.
No trouble at all. We'll pay
for an exclusive - we'll pay a lot.

JUDITH: (puzzled) Exclusive - but
they've all been taking pictures -

WILSON: This would be a special
one. I promise you - my paper does
things in a big way. £500 for a
single photograph. That's my
editor's firm offer. I'm authorised
to make it on his behalf -

Pan WALTERS L. to window
Shot 18
CUT CAM: 4
Single WALTERS at window - 5 -

Shot 19
CUT CAM.2
Single MISS W.

(He goes quickly to window,
tears away part of paper
covering, looks out)

MIX TELECINE: MECHAU

MISS WILDE: What are you doing to
my window? With the glass blown
out, that paper's all I've got to
keep the wind away -

(Repeat) Suburban street,
dusk. Saloon car parked
on opposite pavement.
Headlights flick on and
off twice.

Shot 20

QUICK
MIX CAM.4 Int. Kitchen.
Single WALTERS
Pan him right to JUDITH

(WILSON restores paper
covering window, turns
quickly, decisively)

WILSON: Sorry, didn't mean to
damage it - Now - we're all set.
Can he stand up?

Pan him right to CARROON

JUDITH: D'you imagine I'm going
to make him - Leave him alone or
I'll call the others.

WILSON: (appealing) No, please -
I'll lose my job if I don't get
this. It won't take a second -
how can it hurt him?

Shot 21
CUT CAM.2
2 shot CARROON/WALTERS

(Panning WILSON across towards
CARROON. He is addressing
JUDITH)

If I can just get him over against
the back door there - makes a
better background, you see -

Shot 22
CUT CAM.4
Single JUDITH

JUDITH: (angrily) Don't touch him.

Shot 23
CUT CAM.2
2 shot CARROON/WALTERS

WILSON: Come along, old man -
let me help you -

Shot 24
CUT CAM.4
Single JUDITH

JUDITH: (in a quiet, different
tone, soothing the hand as CARROON
rises) Don't touch him! Look -

Shot 25
CUT CAM.2
Single WALTERS

(WILSON turns, his face
suddenly terrified)

Shot 26
CUT CAM.1 Int. Living-room.
Group shot

(On QUATERMASS, BRISCOE.
They look up in alarm,
hearing JUDITH's voice)

Pan BRISCOE/QUAT.L. to door

JUDITH: (off set) Got back - got
away from him! ... (She screams)

Shot 27
CUT CAM.2
3 shot JUDITH/BRISCOE/MISS W.

(BRISCOE forces his way through.
Pan him to door)

QUATERMASS: Get Lomax.

Int. Kitchen.

(CARROON slumped back against wall, looking down at crumpled body of WALTERS. MISS W. wailing softly, is clutching JUDITH in terror, near door. BRISCOE bursts in)

BRISCOE: Judith! What - ?

(JUDITH points at CARROON)

JUDITH: His hand - it was his hand, Gordon!

QUATERMASS into shot r.

BRISCOE: quick - outside! Better not the man's dead.

Shot 28

CUT CAM.4

Single CARROON

Shot 29

CUT CAM.2

Single QUATERMASS

Track in as QUAT.
retreats

Shot 30

CUT CAM.3

2 shot QUAT/BRISCOE

LOMAX into shot right

LOMAX leaves shot right

Pan QUATERMASS/BRISCOE r.

(On door as BRISCOE appears, shepherding the two women through. He slams the door. QUATERMASS to them.)

QUATERMASS: What a fool I was - I should have guessed! Don't go in - can you get some extra men quickly?

LOMAX: Perhaps, when I know the reason.

BRISCOE: A man's been killed.

QUATERMASS: Don't go in there alone - the back door's locked - he can't get away.

Shot 31

CUT CAM.1

2 shot AMERICAN/FULLALOVE

pan right to group

LOMAX and BEST

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Somebody hurt?

FULLALOVE: Carroon's dangerous? What's happened in there?
(Excited chatter)

LOMAX: Best - what men have we got outside?

(There are two shots in next room. A moment of thunderstruck silence. BRISCOE turns to door)

SHOT 32

CUT CAM.3

JUDITH: (holds him back) No, Gordon.....!

Shot 33

CUT CAM.2

Single BRISCOE

Shot 34

CUT CAM.4

Shot kitchen door left

(BRISCOE opens door slightly then flings it open)

(On kitchen door, swinging open with lock shattered)

Shot 35
CUT CAM, 2

Single BRISCOE

pan him left to door

Shot 36
CUT CAM, 4

Single BRISCOE in door

LOMAX enters shot right
BEST into shot right
and exit left

GRACE. Disc: Band:
Car door alarm. It starts,
Epocca away.

(BRISCOE to door, looks out)

BRISCOE: There's a car -

LOMAX: (into shot) Professional
gotaway. (Turns, signs quickly)
Best - put a call out. Black
four-door saloon - number unknown -
heading East - towards Croydon -

BEST: Yes, sir. (Hurries out by
back door)

LOMAX: This lock's been shot
open - from outside.

Shot 37
CUT CAM: 1 Int. Living-room.

Single AMERICAN

Shot 38

CUT CAM, 3

2 shot JUDITH/FULLALOVE

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: (in doorway,
turns, pointing) Say - that guy's
dead! Mrs. Carroon - what happened?
What did you see in there?

(JUDITH is by table, leaning
on it. MISS WILDE sitting
in chair alongside, crying
softly)

FULLALOVE: Your husband's gone -
where?

JUDITH: (shakes head) I don't know
- please don't ask me!

AMERICAN enters shot r.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Who fired
those shots? Did he have a gun?
What is this - a kidnap or a murder
or what?

FULLALOVE: Any idea who was in
the car?

(She shakes her head violently
with a sob of exhaustion)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: (jumps head
at FULLALOVE) Hey, listen!

Shot 39

CUT CAM, 2

Single QUATERMASS

Shot 40

CUT CAM, 3

3 shot AMERICAN/FULLALOVE/
PHOTOGRAPHER pan them left
to door

QUATERMASS: (O.S.) Inspector Lomax,
I'd advise you to have the body
examined without a moment's delay.

(FULLALOVE, the PHOTOGRAPHER
and other JOURNALISTS to door)

Shot 41
CUT CAM: 2

2 shot LOMAX/QUATERMASS

(QUATERMASS and LOMAX, looking
down at body)

LOMAX: When I've had some records
photographs taken: Our man'll
be here in a few -

QUATERMASS: (points to door)
Why not use him?

LOMAX: All right, as an exceptional
case - (To PHOTOGRAPHER) Will you
do it? It's one of your colleagues,
I'm afraid.

PHOTOGRAPHER enters
shot right

Pull with PHOTOGRAPHER

PHOTOGRAPHER: (coming forward with
camera) If you like. (Sees body,
reacts) It's all - shrunken! What
did that?

LOMAX: We can't tell yet.
Do you know his name?

Pull with PHOTOGRAPHER

PHOTOGRAPHER: I think he said it
was Wilson. (Lining camera) Here?

LOMAX: That'll do.

(PHOTOGRAPHER takes
picture-flash)

Shot 42
CUT CAM. 4
Single PHOTOGRAPHER

And there.

BRISCOE up into shot

PHOTOGRAPHER: (taking second flash
photo) Didn't tell me which paper
he was on, though - and I'd never
met him before.

Shot 43
CUT CAM: 2
2 shot BEST/PATERSON

(On back door. BEST entering)

BEST: (turns) This way, Mr.
Paterston.

Pan PATERSON right
to LOMAX/QUATERMASS (3 shot)

(PATERSON follows him in.
He is dishevelled and out
of breath)

QUATERMASS: (O.S.) Paterston -
I thought you'd gone back to the
research station -

PATERSON: I was just about to.
I heard - what sounded like shots,
so I ran back and - there were
three men making for a car.
Two of them had hold of - it
looked like Carreon.

LOMAX: (into shot) Why didn't you
come straight here?

PATERSON: I ran after the car for
a bit to see which way it went.
Not very practical.

LOMAX: And what did you see?

PATERSON: It didn't turn. Just went straight on out of sight.

PATERSON leaves shot left
BEST enters shot left

BEST: All cars have been warned, sir.

LOMAX: Good.

Pan BEST to door

(Pan him across room)

Shot 44

CUT CAM. 4

Single BRISCOE

Best
~~Constable~~ Keep that door closed.
Everyone's to stay where they are.

(Door to living-room shuts)

pan BRISCOE to
LOMAX/QUATERMASS (3 shot)

(To where BRISCOE, limping,
is closing bag. Pan up as
he rises)

Shot 45

CUT CAM. 2

3 shot QUATERMASS/
BRISCOE/LOMAX

BRISCOE: Inspector, I'm afraid
you're not going to find this
indexed in the casebooks of
forensic medicine.

(LOMAX and QUATERMASS into shot)

QUATERMASS: An approximation.
Go on, Gordon.

BRISCOE: Something like - mass
destruction of the tissues.

LOMAX: But what caused it?

BRISCOE: There's no visible sign
of injury -

LOMAX: Shock, then. Tell me
something, Dr. Briscoe. Heart
failure?

BRISCOE: The appearance is - well,
as if the life had been literally
drawn out of the entire body.

Shot 46

CUT CAM. 4

Single PATERSON - pan

him right to BRISCOE (2 shot) (To PATERSON and BEST)

LOMAX: What?

PATERSON: That's completely
meaningless. Briscoe, as a
medical man, you've no right to
make such an irresponsible statement -
QUAT: We have a right to his opinion.

(To BRISCOE, QUATERMASS and
LOMAX)

Shot 47

CUT CAM. 2

Single BRISCOE

BRISCOE: If you like, call it
widespread dissolution of the
plasma-membrane. That would mean
roughly the same thing.

GRIME. Dice: Band:
ambulance approaching.

Shot 48
 CUT CAM.4
 Single BEST in door
 LOMAX into shot right
 BEST leaves shot

Shot 49
 CUT CAM.2
 2 shot BRISCOE/LOMAX

LOMAX: Those all the personal effects, doctor?
 BRISCOE: Yes.
 LOMAX: Mr. Wilson was careful - nothing to identify him but a union card. It may be genuine.

LOMAX leaves shot left

(BRISCOE has picked up bowl, now empty. Pan with him as he draws QUINTERESS aside)

QUINTERESS: What's that?
 flower-pot
 BRISCOE: One ~~plant-bowl~~. Now empty. It was on the table where Carreon was sitting.

QUINTERESS: Those scratches in the soil -
 (Their eyes meet)

Shot 50
 CUT CAM.4
 Single LOMAX at door

Is the old lady in there?
 (They go to living-room door, BRISCOE still carrying the bowl. A glance as they enter other room)

LOMAX: (into shot) Quatermass - where are you going?
 BEST: (O.S.) Ambulance men are here, sir -

Shot 51
 CUT CAM.3
 FULLALOVE/AMERICAN in door
 LOMAX into shot left

Living-room.

(Follows QUINTERESS into living-room)
 (On door as LOMAX enters. POLICEMAN on duty just outside)

(CAMS. 2 and 4 to CAR)

FULLALOVE: Inspector, are we to regard ourselves as official suspects? Your men are preventing any effort to leave the house -

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Interference with the liberty of the Press can be serious -

FULLALOVE: Don't you think you'd be better advised to let us have a full -

LOMAX: Gentlemen, please!

Shot 52

CUT CAM. 1

2 shot QUAT/MISS W.

(On MISS WIDE, shrinking back from the bowl QUATERNISS is showing her)

QUATERNISS: (very quietly) An ordinary cactus?

MISS WIDE: Yes, I bought it in the market. I think it was called a ... ~~trichocereus~~. It was quite harmless - they don't hurt you unless you're silly.

QUATERNISS: Perhaps he knocked it and the spines stuck to his hand.

MISS WIDE: Yes, I expect so ...

Shot 53

CUT CAM. 3

Single JUDITH

(Pan up with QUATERNISS. He looks questioningly at JUDITH)

QUAT. enters shot right

JUDITH: (shakes her head, whispers) It was ... growing on it. (She shudders)

Shot 54

CUT CAM. 1

2 shot QUAT./BRISCOE

(BRISCOE into shot)

QUATERNISS: Gordon, we aren't doing.

BRISCOE: No.

Pan QUAT. left to LOMAX

(On LOMAX and FRESHMAN. QUATERNISS briskly into shot)

LOMAX: ~~That's going on~~

QUATERNISS: ~~Just a little check-up~~ Now, gentlemen, you want a statement.

LOMAX: Be careful -

Pan QUAT. left to AMERICAN/FULLALOVE

QUATERNISS: Sorry, Lomax, there's no time for routine. (Turns to FRESHMAN) For the next couple of minutes I'd be glad of your co-operation.

FULLER: No conditions, please.

QUATERMASS: None. I've been asked whether there might not be other parties interested in Carroon's special knowledge.

LOLLY: Quatermass -

QUATERMASS: Well, there evidently are. And they've acted already.

Track in to CU QUATERMASS

(Reaction from PRESSMAN)

Carroon's been abducted!

Shot 55

MIX CAM, 2

2 shot DRIVER/RAMSAY
with CARROON in background
(CL of car)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Car engine held under.

(The blinds are drawn, but from time to time lights of other cars flash across them and the faces of the occupants.)

The driver is a heavy stolid man. Behind him sits RAMSAY; small, dark and afflicted with a perpetual nervous blink. Next to him in the back seat is CARROON, his right hand thrust into his jacket. On seat next to driver is an old raincoat)

RAMSAY: (looking at watch) All right, Michael, we're still on time. There's no need to hurry. Getting to the change-over point too soon's worse than being late ... (Glances uneasily at CARROON. To DRIVER) Did you look at Wilson?

(DRIVER nods. A pause)

We were right, you know, to take the initiative ... even after we heard those women screaming. He must have given himself away somehow and then - whatever happened - In my opinion, Wilson was always clumsy. Didn't you think so?

(DRIVER nods, turns wheel hard. Car tips)

Shot 56

CUT CAM, 4

2 shot RAMSAY/CARROON

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Loud braking effect.

(Light sweeps across car front)

RAMSAY: (to CARROON) Keep to your own side - remember I'm armed. (Showing gun) Michael - easy on the corners. (Takes out cigarette case) Think they'll get him aboard tonight?

(DRIVER shrugs)

Shot 57
CUT CAM,2

2 shot DRIVE/RAMSAY
with CARROON in background

They could, you know - if they don't lose any time this end.

(Lights cigarette, passes it to DRIVER, who sticks it quickly between his lips)

Shot 58
CUT CAM,4

2 shot CARROON/RAMSAY

(To CARROON) D'you want a cigarette?

(No response. RAMSAY lights one for himself, watching CARROON uneasily)

You're going to be well treated, you know that? So there's no need to worry ... Why d'you have to keep your hand stuck inside your jacket like that? I know you haven't got a gun or anything in there - (To DRIVER, worried) And I didn't hurt him finding that out.

Shot 59
CUT CAM,2

2 shot DRIVER/RAMSAY
with CARROON in background

(DRIVER smiles)

A bit of a jab here and there with the barrel, that's all - you can tell in a second if they're carrying anything ... I didn't hurt him, so stop grinning! I know how to carry out orders. (Looks front, past DRIVER) This is the longest way ... but it's safe ... (Looks at watch) Just stay at this speed. (Looks at CARROON) Funny to think of where he's been, isn't it ... ?

Shot 60
CUT CAM,4

2 shot RAMSAY /CARROON

Shot 61
MIX C.H. 1 Int. Living-room.
3 shot QUAT./FULLALOVE/
AMERICAN

(JOURNALISTS are hurrying out of main door)

AMERICAN leaves shot right

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: This goes into print quick. But quick! (Goes)

FULLALOVE: (turns in doorway) You're sure there's nothing you want to add, Professor?

FULLALOVE leaves shot right - HOLD QUAT.

QUATELL: (closing door) No!

LOMAX enters shot right

LOMAX: It was grossly irresponsible.
How can I carry on an investigation
now?

Pan QUAT. & LOMAX
LEFT TO PATERSON

QUATERMASS: When that story appears
you'll have the whole populations
assistance.

LOMAX: It was

QUAT: Can't you get it into
your head, Inspector, that two
things have happened on top of
one another! When Carroon was in
that kitchen, I'm convinced he was
undergoing some change - some
further change. The very time
when we need him under constant
observation.
- he's snatched away.

(Take in PATERSON, seated)

Shot 62
CUT CAM.3
Single PATERSON

LOMAX: As a policeman, the -
snatching itself gives me plenty
to worry about.

Shot 63
CUT CAM.1
3 shot QUAT./PATERSON/
LOMAX

PATERSON: I quite agree, Inspector.
Once we start imagining things
outside human experience -

QUATERMASS: John, you've a mind
like a chronometer, as efficient -
and as small. Wasn't the flight
itself outside all human experience?
Stop trying to rationalize.

Pull back as PATERSON
rises

PATERSON: I'm a scientist - not a
convert to superstition!

PATERSON leaves shot right
Shot 64
CUT CAM.3

LOMAX: (as QUATERMASS turns
furiously) Gah!

2 shot BEST/MISS W.
in CL door

(POLICEMAN crosses towards
exterior door, carrying
suitcase. Immediately
behind him comes MISS WILDE,
crossed for outdoors, and
carrying her cat in a basket.
She turns shakily)

Pan them right to LOMAX

MISS WILDE: Will you look up my
house when you leave, Inspector?

LOMAX: I'll see it's safe.

HOLD MISS WILDE

MISS WILDE: I'm going to stay with
my sister for a while.

LOMAX: Very wise.

MISS WILDE: (bravely) I didn't mind the bomb last night, not so much, because we - understand those. It was when that man - his hand - and the man with the camera - Oh-h! (She is distressed)

(The POLICEMAN takes her arm reassuringly)

BEST/MISS W. leave shot right

LOMAX: Make sure she's all right -

(Phone rings)

Shot 65

CUT CAM.1

2 shot MISS W./BEST
pan them right

This'll be for me. (Into phone)
Inspector Lomax speaking.

Shot 66

CUT CAM.3

Single LOMAX

MISS WILDE: (to POLICEMAN) I had that telephone put in so that I'd feel safer! (With a quick glance round) Come along, Henry.

(She goes, the POLICEMAN following)

QUAT. enters shot right

Pan them right

LOMAX: (into phone) Who were in it - two youths and two girls? (A sigh of annoyance) Thanks, old man - better make it a general warning, to all areas now. Yes, I'll be back soon. (Puts phone down) Car answering description was stopped five miles east of Croydon after a long chase - obviously a decoy. (Picks up coat) Gots his licence endorsed for speeding - and we lose the criminals. Let's get going -

(They are going towards exterior door)

Shot 67

NEE CAM: 2 Int. Car.
Single RAMSAY

GRAB. Disc:
Car engine up.

Band:

(CAMS.1 & 3 to NEWSPAPER
OFFICE)

(RAMSAY is peering cautiously round blind on back window. After a moment he turns. Their cigarettes have gone)

RAMSAY: Not a sign ... They're slipping, you know. It's comforting when we have to carry people like Wilson, that they're pretty bad, too. I wonder how the four kids got on - gave them a good run, I'm sure.

Shot 68

CUT CAM.4

2 shot CARROON/RAMSAY

(Pause. He looks past DRIVER)

CARROON: (suddenly) Tell them,
tell them -

RAMSAY: What? Tell them what?

CARROON: Tell ... tell ... tell.

RAMSAY: What are you talking about?
What's the matter? (To DRIVER, who
has looked round) Right, Michael,
just keep steady. Main road ahead -
watch it now!

Shot 69
CUT CAM.2
2 shot DRIVER/RAMSAY
with CARROON in background

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Burst of bus engines, etc., on
main road.

(Glare of light passes
over car)

RAMSAY: All clear, Michael ...
pick up speed. (Looking at watch)
Three minutes to go.

Shot 70
CUT CAM.4
2 shot RAMSAY/CARROON

CARROON: Don't - don't -

RAMSAY: (to DRIVER) I think he's
ill. They talk like this with
a high temperature.

CARROON: Don't let it - !

RAMSAY: (stubs cigarette out)
There wasn't anything to warn us
he might be ill, was there?
I tell you what it is - it's
that hand! Michael, maybe he
smashed it up during the flight
in the rocket. We've got to
make it clear to them - that we
aren't responsible for it.
There's no trouble over a thing
like that. (To CARROON) Let's
see it. Your right hand - bring
it out and let me have a look.

CARROON: Don't let - don't let it -

RAMSAY: I've got to see!

(He raises arm, seizes
CARROON's forearm with free
hand and pulls. After a
horrid, paralysed pause,
RAMSAY lets go, cowers away
with a terrified indrawn breath)

RIMSY: Ash! It's grey! It's
all grey!

Shot 71
CUT CAM.2
GROUP SHOT

(The DRIVER looks quickly
round, tries to throw
himself to the side while
still keeping his attention
on steering)

Michael, stop the car! Stop it,
d'you hear no - Stop!

GRIMS. Disc: Band:
Violent screaming of brakes.

(DRIVER throws up one arm
to ward off CAM.2.
Half turns to rear.
Suddenly he stiffens,
clutches shoulder.
His face slackens, and
his other hand falls from
the wildly swinging wheel)

Shot 72
MIX TO CAM.1
Single of EDITOR

Let go - let go or I'll fire!
Michael - Michael - !

(CAMS. 2 & 4 to HOSPITAL WARD)

GRIMS. Disc: Band:
Car crash, followed instantly
by linking music on same pitch.

Int. Daily Gazette GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Office. Night. Background noise of multiple
presses in operation

NEWS-EDITOR: (at desk, holding up
copy of paper, looks towards
camera) What d'you mean - 'as far
as it goes'? (Reading) "Cold War
spreads to Universe. Space Hero
Kidnapped".

Shot 73
CUT CAM.3

Single FULLALOVE

(FULLALOVE into shot from beside
camera. He is in shirtsleeves,
his jacket over his arm: tie
pulled loose)

In its modest way, James, I think
that qualifies as a news item.
And your political background stuff -
excellent.

FULLALOVE: You needn't tell me
it's well-written. And it's a
story. Quatermass's first full
statement. How he managed to leave
so much unsaid at the end of it,
I can't imagine.

Pan FULLALOVE right to
EDITOR

Shot 74
CUT CAM.1

2 shot FULLALOVE/EDITOR

NEWS-EDITOR: You think there's a
still bigger story?

FULLALOVE: I'm certain of it.
Those two women saw something, you
know. If only there hadn't been
so much confusion.

(Phone rings)

NEWS-EDITOR: Jackson speaking ...
Yes ...

FULLALOVE: Something about the
potted plant ... You know, to
Quatermass that was more important
than the fact Carroon had been
pinched.

NEWS-EDITOR: Hold on a minute.
Report of a crashed car - may not
be any connection, but it was the
same type as the kidnap car -
black four-door saloon. And the
police are searching the area.

HOLD FULLALOVE

FULLALOVE: Give us it, Jacko.
(Takes phone) Where was this?
Fulham? Two men in it - one dead,
one seriously injured ... You're
sure neither of them was Carroon?

FULLALOVE: (cont) Listen, did you notice anything odd - the sort of item you wouldn't report because it sounds silly? ... (A look of triumph) That's it! Right, hold on there. I'll be down to join you. (Replaces phone)

Shot 75
CUT CAM,3
2 shot FULLALOVE/EDITOR

NEWS-EDITOR: What sounded silly?

FULLALOVE: (hastily putting jacket on) The driver was found dead. When they were putting him in the ambulance one of the stretcher-bearers seems to have gone into hysterics.

NEWS-EDITOR: I don't see -

Shot 76
CUT CAM,1
Single EDITOR

FULLALOVE: That was the kidnap car. And they're searching for Carroon. Why, Jacko?

Shot 77
CUT CAM,3
Single FULLALOVE

NEWS-EDITOR: To see if he's safe, of course.

FULLALOVE: (at door) Mr. Or to see if he's dangerous?

MIX TELECINE: CENTRAL

Bombed area. Near midnight.
Red filter shots:-

(CAM. 3 to BOMBED HOUSE)

Shot 1: M.S. CARROON stumbling across waste space surrounded by bombed buildings. His right hand wrapped round with old raincoat.

Shot 2: C.S. CARROON, looking about uncertainly. His hair is tousled and his face scratched and dirty. His jacket torn. After a moment he goes out of shot.

Shot 3: M.S. Ruined building. CARROON approaches, looking up. Picks his way through rubble.

Shot 4: Inside bombed house. CARROON enters, crouches down. He listens suddenly, hearing ambulance approaching. It passes, dies away.

Cam. Shot 78
MIX TO CAM,2
Single RAMSAY

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Ambulance bell approaching and passing.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Linking music

Hospital War.
Night.

Pull back to 3 shot

(Close shot DOCTOR withdrawing
hypodermic syringe from RAMSAY's
arm. He looks away, beckons
BEST into shot)

DOCTOR: There's just a chance you
may get something before he goes.
Watch for it ...

BEST: Many injuries?

DOCTOR: Just about everything one
can collect in a crash like that.
Know his name?

BEST: We found out ...

DOCTOR: (suddenly) Quick!

Shot 79

CUT CAM.4

2 shot RAMSAY/BRISCOE

(Pan down as BEST bends over
bod. RAMSAY's fingers are
running back and forth
along edge of sheets. His
eyes are open)

BEST: Ramsay! Ramsay!

RAMSAY: Ah ...

BEST: (close to him, very
distinctly) What happened in the
car?

(RAMSAY's head jerks about.
His eyes are frightened.
BEST puts out a reassuring
hand, but RAMSAY reacts with
a quiver of terror)

DOCTOR: (O.S.) Don't touch him!

BEST: (withdrawing hand) Where
were you taking him? Ramsay,
answer me.

Shot 80

CUT CAM.2

Single RAMSAY

(CAM.4 to SCOTLAND YARD)

RAMSAY: To the change-point ...
There'll be questions about that
injured hand ... (Remembering)
The hand!

BEST: What about it?

RAMSAY: It's grey - all grey!
Michael, stop the car! Stop!
(He gives a thin frightened cry,
eyes squeezed shut)

Pull back to 2 shot
with BEST

BEST: (urgently) After the crash -
did he get away? Where did he go?

RAMSAY: (with an effort) He went away ... he went ...

Pull back to 3 shot

(His eyes roll and he collapses)

DOCTOR: (O.S.) That's it.

(Pan up as BEST rises)

Pity we

~~Sorry~~-you didn't get any more.

Pan up to 2 shot

BEST: All right. We know who we're looking for now. (Looks down at body) Poor beggar. (Going) Thanks, doctor--- Come on doctor....

MIX TELECINE: CENTRAL

(CAM.2 to SCOTLAND YARD)

Bombed house. C.S. CARROON asleep

GRAMS. Disc:
Cat wailing

Band:

He stirs, opens eyes. After a moment or two goes back to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO MECHAU

C.U. News-seller's Poster: White Paper with "Daily Gazette" printed at top, then in black crayon:

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Victoria Embankment traffic noises, very loud. Big Ben striking seven close at hand

"Where is he?"

Pan up from poster, now seen to be on a corner on inner side of Victoria Embankment, to metal plaque "New Scotland Yard".

Shot. 81

QUICK

MIX CAM: 4 Scotland Yard.
Day.

Single LOMAX

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Hold traffic noise under, faint

(A very harassed LOMAX, in muddy raincoat, is in trouble. Standing at desk, he has a newspaper in one hand, a phone in the other)

LOMAX: (into phone) No, sir, we haven't found him yet, I'm afraid. There's been a widespread search all through the night - I've just returned.

Shot 82

CUT CAM.2

Single QUATERMASS - pan him

(Track down, showing there are two other occupants of the room: QUATERMASS, also in raincoat, sitting in small chair near desk, and JUDITH, apparently in an exhausted sleep in large leather chair)

Shot 83
CUT CAM, 4
Single LOMAX

LOMAX: (cont) We lost some time on false alarms from the Hamnersmith and Walham Green areas ... We're proceeding on the assumption that he got away ... Yes, got away ... Well, sir, there may be grounds for thinking he's - unbalanced by his experiences. (The phone stings. He winces) Yes ... yes ... yes, sir. If we must, of course. Yes, sir. (He lowers receiver)

Shot 84
CUT CAM, 2
2 shot QUAT./LOMAX

QUATERMASS: Trouble?

LOMAX: (through his tooth) There'll be worse yet! (Rattles receiver rest)

QUATERMASS: How much longer is Gordon going to be attending the postmortem?

LOMAX: (into phone) Get me the Information Room. Hello, Lomax here. We're to suspend the search for Victor Carroon -

QUATERMASS: What!

LOMAX: (into phone) Cancel the warning to patrol cars. All extra men to be called in.

QUATERMASS: This is mad!

LOMAX: Right away, please. (Phone down) Those are my orders. A national hero is not to be hunted through the streets.

Shot 85
CUT CAM, 4
2 shot QUAT./LOMAX

QUATERMASS: But didn't you try to explain?

Pan LOMAX right

LOMAX: (bursting) Explain what? That you believe he's - he's now semi- or super-human? (Tapping folders on desk) Those are dossiers from the special branch - on those three men. They were known agents trying to abduct him. Suppose he did kill them in self-defence? Wasn't that human enough? I'd have done the same myself!

(Door opens. BRISCOE comes in, tired-faced)

BRISCOE enters shot right
Pan him left to QUAT.

BRISCOE: We've finished the post-mortem on both bodies. The official pathologists' report'll be along in half an hour.

QUATERMASS: Well?

BRISCOE: A completely new form of death for the case-books.

. QUAT. leaves shot left

QUATERMASS: (grimly to LOMAX)
And you've called off the search!

Shot 86
CUT CAM.2
Single QUAT.

LOMAX: You know why, I'll send out a general request for information. That's the most I can do. I'll draft it now. (Takes sheet of paper)

QUATERMASS: (turns away towards chair where JUDITH is lying. quietly to himself) Something that attacks the organic structure ...

BRISCOE into shot
left back

BRISCOE: (into shot) Apparently able to separate its constituent parts and ~~re-synthesize it,~~ ~~living~~ reassemble the living.....

Pan left to JUDITH
Pull back to 3 shot

JUDITH: (without moving) Go on -

BRISCOE: (swings round) Judith!

Shot 87
CUT CAM.4
Single JUDITH

QUATERMASS: She's awake! If I'd had any idea ~~or sense~~ - (To JUDITH) We were talking nonsense - you shouldn't have listened.

Pull back as JUDITH rises pan her right to BRISCOE/QUAT.

JUDITH: (sits up) I've been doing the same thing - guessing and guessing and guessing.

BRISCOE: You mustn't let yourself -

Shot 88
CUT CAM.2
3 shot BRISCOE/QUAT/JUDITH

JUDITH: Yes! Gordon, it's the only way. At first I couldn't face it, but now - I find I can.

QUATERMASS: She's right. Judith, do you want to tell us what you've been thinking?

JUDITH: We know the rocket wasn't near any other planet or asteroid. Could a form of life exist somewhere in space itself? Drifting.

QUATERMASS: Yes, a sort of plankton of the ether ... not life as we know it.

JUDITH: Does it have to be? Why not pure energy, without an organic structure?

BRISCOE: There could even be intelligence.....

QUATERMASS: (excitedly) It's never approached the Earth - any more than a deep-sea fish comes to Piccadilly. But when the rocket goes there - it finds on board -

JUDITH: Three living specimens. Cell-organisms.

BRISCOE: Reichenham and Greene! And --

Track in to single
of QUATERMASS

QUATERMASS: To occupy the resultant structure - even by accident - it would be the perfect means of acclimatisation to life on Earth.

Pan left to single
BRISCOE

BRISCOE: And then to find there are... other forms of life.

Pan left to single
JUDITH

JUDITH: Last night - in that kitchen!

Shot 89
CUT CAM. 4
Single LOMAX

(On LOMAX standing at desk)

LOMAX: How can you talk like this! There must be a simple, sane explanation -

QUATERMASS enters
shot left

QUATERMASS: Suppose there isn't. Suppose that what's loose out there is only the form of a man possessed by the thing itself - perhaps engaged in some further organic development at this very moment.

LOMAX: Quatermass we mustn't allow ourselves.....

QUATERMASS: Timid thinking now can be - we don't know how dangerous. Surely you're not like Paterson -?

Shot 90
MIX TO CAM. 1
Single PATERSON : NEWSPAPER
OFFICE

PATERSON: Afraid? Of course not. I'll put my name to the article, Fullalove.

Pull back to include
FULLALOVE

(Take in FULLALOVE seated on
desk a raincoat over his shoulders)

(CAM. 2 & 4 to
CINEMA MANAGER'S OFFICE)

FULLALOVE: Mr. Paterson, I've landed more editors in trouble than I care to think about. There was a time when I regarded damages for libel as merely the dues of the trade, like barrow-boy's fines. But now - I've gone soft. I like truth.

HOLD FULLALOVE

PATERSON: That's what I'm offering you.

FULLALOVE: Mr. Paterson - you've watched all developments since the rocket landed - talked to Carroon - examined the records -

PATERSON: Correct.

FULLALOVE: Yet when I ran across you this morning in Fulham - searching with the rest - all you come out with is this allegation against the crew's efficiency -

PATERSON: It wasn't wrong to make the experiment. But it was wrong to fail. Quatermass should be answered.

FULLALOVE: (moving closer) Mr. Paterson, what is Carroon?

Pull back to single
of PATERSON as he
rises
He leaves shot left

(A tense pause. PATERSON gives an uncontrollable shiver.
He gets up clumsily)

PATERSON: I won't be subjected to - If you don't wish to print my views, I'll take them elsewhere!

HOLD FULLALOVE and
track in to CU of him

(He goes abruptly.

Track in on FULLALOVE in thoughtful attitude shown on following poster)

MIX TELECINE: MECHAU

Bombed area. Day.
C.S. Freshly-applied poster
on wall:-

"Space Conquered!"

and, under a large picture
of JAMES FULLALOVE:

"Read James Fullalove's
brilliant series in the
Daily Gazette"

Pan off hoarding on to:-

Shot 2: M.S. panning across
bombed building into which
CARROON went. And hold.

Cam. Shot 91

MIX TO CAM. 3

Single CARROON

Bombed House	(Close shot of CARROON, slumped against wall of cellar. His eyes are open, expressionless. A sound of feet on crumbled stone. Into shot comes a BOY, nine or ten years old. He stands looking down curiously at CARROON)
Shot 92 CUT CAM,1 Single of BOY	
Pan him right	BOY: Who are you? (Comes closer, stops, hands on knees. He studies CARROON for a few moments. He is perplexed by the man's silence and stillness. Nervously.)
Shot 93 CUT CAM,3 Single CARROON	People don't come in here. Nobody ever has. (No response. He tries again, to discourage the intruder)
Shot 94 CUT CAM,1 Single BOY	My mother says it isn't safe. Sometimes stones fall down. They can fall on your head. I know about a boy that was hurt like that. (Pause) Don't you want to go away?
Pull back to 2 shot	(No response. He gives up the attempt to persuade CARROON to go, and crouches, studying him) You're all dirty. Look at your clothes - they're torn ... (Almost jealously)... torn like anything. Won't you get into a row? (Pause. Comes closer) Are you sick? (He puts out a hand)
Shot 95 CUT CAM,3 2 shot CARROON/BOY	(CARROON shrinks back)
Shot 96 CUT CAM,1 Single BOY	CARROON: (thickly) No ...! (The BOY is startled. He backs away doubtfully. After a moment he decides to do what he came for, and begins to rummage, puts a hand under the floorboards, pulls out a toy space-helmet and space-gun)
Shot 97 CUT CAM,3 Single CARROON	BOY: (feeling the necessity to explain the secret) I come here to play. By myself. (Holds up the space-helmet) Do you know what this is? It's what the space men always have to wear. (He puts it proudly on, looks for a reaction. Getting none, he hastily drags an ancient comic out of his trouser-
Shot 98 CUT CAM,1 Single BOY	

Pan him right to 2 shot

BOY: (cont: pocket, holds it out towards CARROON, though not going close) See - that's Captain Dallas. He's wearing one. (Looks at the comic himself, his hand going slowly to his own helmet) Of course, his is real. (Suddenly drops comic, grabs the spacegun, having more assurance about the authenticity of this) And this is an obliterator-gun. You just point it at something and - it isn't there any more ...

(Pause. Suddenly he points it at CARROON, pulls the trigger. Gun flashes, buzzes)

Now there isn't any you!

Shot 99

CUT CAM.3

Single CARROON

Shot 100

CUT CAM:1

Single BOY

(Still no response. He sighs, squats on his haunches)

Do you think I'm too old to play with those? (He takes off the helmet sadly) My mother says I am. (Putting helmet away in its hiding-place) That's why I keep this here. She'd burn it. (He looks up at CARROON again, having suddenly understood) I know why you're here. You're hiding.

Pull back and pan right to 2 shot

(Gun in hand, he approaches CARROON again)

I like hiding. I know a good place to hide when I don't want anybody to find me for a long time. (Looks round cellar and admits:) Really, they know about this place. (Pause) Come on, I'll show you. And it's better than an ordinary hiding-place, because there's things to watch. Come on - come on!

Shot 101

CUT CAM.3

SINGLE CARROON

(CARROON stirs. He rises very slowly and stiffly)

BOY into shot left

You've got your nao all tangled round your hand -

(He turns towards the door)

MIX TELECINE: CENTRAL

Shot 1: M.S. Doorway of Collar. BOY comes out, looks up and down, turns, beckons CARROON appears.

Shot 2: Bombed area. BOY runs into shot, climbs onto wall.

Shot 3: C.S. BOY on wall. He aims gun, smiling.

Shot 4: As 2. BOY jumps off wall. CARROON into shot, walks stumbingly past.

DISSOLVE TO

Shot 6: Frontage plate of "Grand Cinema" - a very small one.

Shot 7: BOY crouched by rear door of cinema. Two customers come out. BOY quickly grabs door before it locks itself, beckons. CARROON comes into shot. They go together into cinema. Pan on to poster:

3-D PLANET 3-D

OF THE

DRAGONS

with

Howard Blayne

and

Melita Parks

Cert 'U'

DISSOLVE TO

(Sound on film)

Shot 8: Cinema Screen.

Against background of moon-craters and dark sky are the SPACE-LIEUTENANT and SPACE-GIRL. Both have perspex helmets and space-suits. SPACE-LIEUTENANT has a large "paralysor-gun".

SPACE-LIEUT: There's no sign of Captain O'Casey. I guess he must have gotten his - from that dragon!

SPACE-GIRL: Why - how horrible!

SPACE-LIEUT: I reckon that's what happened. I saw it tail him into that dark ravine.

SPACE-GIRL: Poor Captain O'Casey!

SPACE-LIEUT: Yeah ... he was good guy.

MIX Shot 102
CAM: 1 Int. Cinema
2 shot

(A few members of the audience - mostly women, as it is an afternoon show. All wearing cardboard spectacles with square dark eyepieces. Two empty seats in foreground. Next to them (Or behind, according to Producer's requirements) sits a stout lady with a full shopping basket on her knee. She and her woman friend are eating ices.

"Exit" sign in background)

STOUT LADY: Oh - my eyes are that sore - ! (Takes glasses off)
I won't be able to see to cook the old man's kippers.

MIX TELECINE: CENTRAL

"3-D Film" Masked to represent cinema screen, and double-printed for 3-D effect.

SPACE-GIRL: (turns to him) Oh, Chuck - I'm scared!

(Puts her arm across his chest - which is as close as she can get, in view of the helmets)

SPACE-LIEUT: (bravely concealing his fears) Why honey - everything's going to be okay. We're safe u here on the side of the crater.

SPACE-GIRL: It's so dark ... and lonely.

Shot 103
MIX CAM: 3 Int. Cinema
2 shot LADY etc.

(Stout lady, still without glasses, is finishing off ice-cream. BOY into shot from direction of screen, looks back, points to empty seats. He sits. CARROON into shot, takes the other)

Shot 104
CUT CAM: 1
Single BOY
CARROON enters shot

MIX TELECINE: CENTRAL

3-D effect

SPACE-GIRL:

What do you figure the folks
back home on Earth are doing now?
In the corner drug stores, or
tucking their kids safe and warm
into bed ... (Tearfully) Oh-h-h!

SPACE-LIEUT:

Julio! Maybe this isn't any
place for a girl after all -

Shot 105

MIX CAM: 1 Int. Cinema
2 shot CARROON/BOY

BOY: (to CARROON, pointing at
screen, whispers) It's 3-D. We
ought to have glasses for it
really.

VOICE: Shh!

(BOY turns, sees STOUT LADY
engaged in putting crumpled
tub under seat. He takes
her glasses, puts them on)

VOICE OF SPACE-GIRL: (on film)
What's that!

MIX TELECINE: CENTRAL

2-shot. SPACE-GIRL pointing
out of shot. SPACE-LIEUT.
raising gun.

SPACE-LIEUT shields girl,
takes aim, pulls trigger.
A flash

SPACE-LIEUT lowers gun.
She crouches against him
in relief.

SPACE-LIEUT turns away

SPACE-LIEUT: What?

SPACE-GIRL: Over there - among
those rocks. I thought I saw
something move. Sort of a ...
green colour. There - it's a
dragon!

GRMS. Disc: Band:
Death-cry of dinosaur, from
"The Lost World" sound-serial
records

SPACE-LIEUT: I guess that fixed
the brute! One for O'Casey.

SPACE-GIRL: Oh, Chuck ... let's
get out of this. While there's
time.

SPACE-LIEUT: Julio, I feel -
I don't know how to explain this -
kind of dedicated, I guess.

GRMS: Disc: Band:
Sentimental music. Hold under

Shot 106
MIX CAM: 1 Int. Cinema
2 Ladies

(STOUT LADY searching everywhere
for spectacles)

VOICE OF SPACE-GIRL: (on film)
Chuck, I never heard you talk
this way before ...

STOUT LADY: (whispers) Wherever
did I put them special glasses!
Ethel, have you seen them?

VOICE: Ssh!

(Friend shakes her head)

STOUT LADY: I dunno which is
worse - with them on or with them
off. Got a 'oadache or be driven
loopy tryin' to watch it -

VOICE: Ssh-h-h!

Shot 107
CUT CAM. 3
Single USHERETTE

(USHERETTE into shot, flashes
to rel)

USHERETTE: Madam - please be quiet.
Other people wish to enjoy the
film.

(She takes in presence of
CARROON and the BOY before
going back out of shot)

VOICE OF SPACE-LIEUT: (on film)
When I got to being a Space
Lieutenant, I was just an
ordinary guy --

MIX TELECINE: CENTRAL

SPACE-LIEUT: - and I guess I
didn't learn so fast, either.
Like that time during the flight
out when I nearly slugged the
Captain -

SPACE-GIRL: That was my fault -

SPACE-LIEUT: But now - I guess
I've learned my lesson. I know
what Captain O'Casey meant. Out
here, a hundred million miles
from Earth --

Fade picture to black screen,
but retaining sound. After a
moment a slide is thrown on
screen: an old photograph of
CARROON, smiling broadly.
Caption: "Have you Seen This Man?"

VOICE OF SPACE-LIEUT: (on film)
... there's work to do. There's
a new world waiting to be built
right here, Julio. Some day,
maybe, on this very planet of the
Dragons, kids'll be able to sit down
in a corner drugstore, same as home.

Slide then replaced by white-on-black caption slide:
"The Police are anxious to interview VICTOR CARROON of the British Experimental Rocket Group. He is believed to be suffering from loss of memory. Will any person who has seen this man please dial 999"

VOICE OF SPACE-LIEUT: (cont: on film)
There'll be roads and schools and movies -- same as back home. We'll build that new world, Julie ... you and me ... and a lot of ordinary people like us.

Shot 108
MIX CAM: 3 Int. Cinema (CARROON has gone. Murmur
Single STOUT LADY from audience)

STOUT LADY: Carroon! That's the name of the spaceman isn't it - the real one?

Shot 109
CUT CAM: 1
Single of BOY (BOY glances at seat vacated by CARROON, and gives a quick look in direction of door)

MIX TELECINE: MECHAU (Sound on film)

Bar lock door closing, as seen from interior of cinema.

Shot 110
MIX CAM: 3 (He turns back as additional
2 shot BOY/USHERETTE brightness comes from screen, on restoration of the film. USHERETTE into shot, also looking in direction of CARROON's exit. During this:-)

VOICE OF SPACE-GIRL: (on film: awed) Gosh, Chuck - all of a sudden it's as if there's something - I don't know - different about you.

VOICE OF SPACE-LIEUT: (on film: Is there? Julie - Julie, I --

VOICE OF SPACE-GIRL: (on film: ooy!) What is it, Chuck?

USHERETTE: (suddenly, to BOY) Have you got your ticket?

(BOY looks up defiantly)

VOICE OF SPACE-LIEUT: (on film: throatily) I guess I - I love you, Julie.

VOICE OF SPACE-GIRL: (on film: pleased) Oh, Chuck!

USHERETTE: Did you come in at the same time as that man?

VOICE: Sah!

STOUT LADY: Yes, he did.

Shot 111
CUT CAM.1
Single BOY

USHERETTE: (points to door) Came in the back way, didn't you? (Flashes torch in his face) Yes, I've caught you before - sneaking in here without a ticket.

VOICE OF SPACE-GIRL: (on film: rapture) Kiss me, Chuck! ...!

MIX TELECINE: CENTRAL

SPACE-LIEUTENANT and
SPACE-GIRL in partial
embrace. Helmets touching.

SPACE-LIEUTENANT: (ruefully)
I guess that's as close as we can
get right now. If we opened our
pressurized Zoider-helmets, we'd
lose consciousness in a few seconds.

SPACE-GIRL: (happily) I'm unconscious
now ...

Shot 112
MIX CAM.1 Int. Cinema.
2 shot USHERETTE/BOY

(USHERETTE pulling BOY out of
seat. He resists strongly)

USHERETTE: (frantic whisper) Come
here, will you!

BOY: Let go of me!

Shot 113
CUT CAM.3
2 shot LADY/BOY

USHERETTE: This time you're going
to the manager!

STOUT LADY: And he stole my special
glasses too - the little wretch!

(Helps USHERETTE to loose
BOY's hands from seat.
He is nearly crying)

Shot 114
CUT CAM.1
2 shot USHERETTE/BOY

USHERETTE: Come on now - we're
going to see about this! (To someone
out of shot, as she helps BOY away)
Valerio, give us a hand -

Shot 115
CUT CAM.3
2 shot 2 ladies

BOY: Let me go ...

(They go)

STOUT LADY: (to friend) Well, did
you over?

VOICE: Sah.

(Music only from screen)

Shot 116
LIX CAM: 2

Int. Manager's Office
Single MANAGER

GRAMS. Disc:
Fade and hold under

Band:

(The office of the Manager of the Grand Cinema is like his doggedly-worn evening suit - dingy and too tight. Against the wall he has a minute desk which just holds an ancient typewriter and a telephone. On the wall are small strip-posters advertising B-pictures, the most prominent being one of "Planot of the Dragons", cross-labelled "All This Week". There are also a few photographs of minor film stars.

The Manager, a mongre man, is typing out a letter with one finger.

Rapid knocking as if on door)

USHERETTE: (O.S. muffled, as if through door) Mr. Jason - Mr. Jason -

MANAGER: (finishes word, turns on his swivel chair) What is it?

EFFECT: Door opening

Shot 117
CUT CAM.4
2 shot BOY/USHERETTE

pan them right to
MANAGER

USHERETTE: (into shot. Panting) Mr. Jason, I just caught this kid - (To BOY, pulling him inside) - come along, will you! - I just caught this kid getting in without a ticket! And he'd pinched a lady's viewing spectacles!

MANAGER: Oh, did he?

USHERETTE: Talk about struggle! Took all our strength to get him here - (Turns to someone out of shot)- didn't it, Val?

Shot 118
CUT CAM.2
2 shot MANAGER/USHERETTE

MANAGER: How did he get in?

USHERETTE: Back door, of course.

MANAGER: (worily) We'll have to do something about that.

USHERETTE: It wasn't just him, you know - there were two of them, but the other ran out. (To BOY) Who was that with you?

Shot 119
CUT CAM.4
Single BOY

BOY: I don't know.

Shot 120
CUT CAM.2
Single USHERETTE

USHERETTE: Listen to the lies!
It was a grown man - that's two
and threepence they dodged, Mr.
Jason! Apart from this half.

Pull back to 3 shot

MANAGER: (to BOY) Come on, now -
who was he? You'd better give me
his name.

BOY: (miserably) I can't - I don't
know.

USHERETTE: You'd better know, or
Mr. Jason'll send for the police -

Shot 121
CUT CAM. 4
Single BOY

MANAGER: (irritably) All right - !

(CAM. 2 to SCOTLAND YARD)

BOY: (frightened) No - no don't
do that! I don't know who he is -
I don't, really! (In a rush) He
was in this bombed house and
there was dirt on him and he was
looking for a place to hide, and
I said why don't you come with
me, I can show you somewhere,
and -

MANAGER into shot right

MANAGER: (catches his arms,
peevishly) Wait a minute! Hiding?

BOY: (nods) Don't tell the police -
I never meant -

MANAGER: (indicates auditorium
with a jerk of the head) You saw
the slide - in there? Was that
a picture of him?

BOY: He didn't smile like that.

(The MANAGER looks at him for
a doubtful moment, then reaches
for phone)

USHERETTE enters shot left
pan her to MANAGER RIGHT

USHERETTE: Mr. Jason, you don't
mean - that was him!

(MANAGER dials 999. Her hand
goes to her face. Faintly)

Oh my gawd ... a real one!

MANAGER: (into phone) Oh - I want the police. It's about a missing man -

BOY into shot left

BOY: (suddenly shrieks) The police? You promised you wouldn't - you promised!

Shot 122
MIX CAM: 2 Scotland Yard
Single LOMAX

EFFECT:
(Telephone bell, boyed in to carry on as continuation of BOY's shriek)

Full back to 2 shot

LOMAX: Inspector Lomax ... I'll hold on. (Looks up) Now, Mr. Fullalove, you must accept my statement -

(Track back to take in FULLALOVE on opposite side of desk)

FULLALOVE: I don't want to know where he is, but what he's like.

QUAT. enters shot

(QUATERMASS into shot between them, looks appraisingly at FULLALOVE)

QUATERMASS: --Well, Mr. Fullalove--

LOMAX: Yes, still here ... (He starts) What! Yes - yes -

(Track in on him, the others closing in over desk)

Where are you - The Grand Cinema - Pinlico! How long ago? A few minutes? Yes - keep the boy there. I'll be along immediately!

HOLD LOMAX
pan him right to door

(Slams phone down, looks sharply at QUATERMASS)

This sounds like it!

GRAMS. Disc:
Linking music

Band:

Shot 123
VERY SLOW
MIX CAM: 1 Int. Chemists Shop
Single shot CHEMIST

(EFFECT: Tinkling shop bell as linking music goes.)

Shot as from door of shop, tracking slowly towards counter, where chink of bottles can be

heard. We are seeing from
CARROON's point of view)

CHEMIST: (hidden behind counter)
You're lucky, sir. I'm really
closed, you know, but I promised
to get this prescription ready for
a particular customer. (He looks
over counter, a genial little man
with spectacles on nose) But of
course he hasn't turned up to
collect it! Now what can I do for
you, sir?

Shot 124

CUT CAM: 3
Single CARROON

(Side shot, showing CARROON
at counter. His hand is still
swathed in raincoat. CHEMIST
comes from behind counter,
going out of shot to front door)

Just a moment, sir - I'd better
lock up or we'll have someone else
in. And then someone else.

(EFFECT: Bolt being shot)

At that rate I'd never get home
tonight. (Comes back into shot,
on CARROON's side of counter)
Now, sir - ?

Shot 125

CUT CAM, 1
2 shot CHEMIST/CARROON

(Track in to 2-shot)

What's it to be? (Loss lightly)
Aren't you well? ... Whatever it is,
you needn't hesitate to tell me,
you know ... (Notices raincoat)
Is it something to do with y ur
arm? (Practically) If it's
serious, you ought to see a
doctor, you know - (He reaches
towards it)

Shot 126

CUT CAM, 3
2 shot CHEMIST/CARROON

(CARROON shrinks)

I won't hurt it, I promise you.
(Unravelling coat deftly) I'll just
take a look - see if perhaps some
ointment or medicated plaster -

MIX TO T/C MECHAU

127

CUT CAM, 1
Single CHEMIST as
he faints

(His eyes widen. He staggers
back, clutching coat, staring
in horror at the hand. CARROON
lifts it - and for a fleeting
second we see it - like a huge
grey octopus. Quick pan with
CHEMIST as he teters back
against counter. He falls
in a faint, sweeping bottles
off counter)

- 39 -

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Music keyed in with crash of
bottles

Shot 128
MIX CAM: 4 Roller Caption: